

# "German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT SWEET DRINK



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

**LANE'S MEDICINE**

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 a bottle. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels in each day. Address: CHAS. H. LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

**PIRO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

Consumption and people who have weak lungs or asthma, should use Piro's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured a single person. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. Size, 50c and \$1.00.

**MOTHER'S FRIEND**

A remedy which, if used by wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon childbirth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the dangers of, the most dangerous of complications. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle, charges prepaid.

PREPARED BY REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER**

The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire suit. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

**A Pure Norwegian**

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

**Scott's Emulsion**

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, N. Y. All druggists.

**DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT**

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER

**Biliousness,** Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn or dyspepsia, constipation.

**Poor Digestion,** Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pains in the heart.

**Loss of Appetite,** A splendid feeding-to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not healed, druggists will refund your price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size, "Swamp Root" Guide to Consumption free. DR. KILMER & CO., HUNTSVILLE, N. Y.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

**A WHITE WORLD.**

I never knew the world in white so beautiful as it is. As I have seen it here to-day beside the wintry sea. A new earth, bride of a new heaven, has been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud in one broad flood of gold. But touched with rose the world's white robes in every curve and fold. White blue air did over all its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half awake. Beneath the sculptor's hand. How the Great Master bends with love Above the work he planned! Easy it is, on such a day, To feel and understand.

—Lucy Larcom.

**"MAJOR AND MINOR."**

It was on an evening in February that I first saw the major. Business duties had temporarily placed me in Chicago, and it was in a semi-gentle boarding house that our first meeting took place.

In appearance he was of the medium height, and inclined to stoutness. A thin fringe of gray hair still lingered in the neighborhood of his neck. Under the influence of violent emotion little waves of color mounted to his forehead and rippled to the back of his neck.

He had the prominent eyes and apple-cheeked cheeks of Lever's military heroes. A twined suit of a doubtful pattern, which, from constant wear, had assumed the outlines of his rugged form, was his week-day wear. On warm Sunday mornings a blue and white striped linen blazer was his favorite costume, but upon winter nights he assumed a gorgeous quilted satin smoking jacket, a present from a fair acquaintance.

Our regard for each other was to a certain extent mutual, and many an evening I spent in the little prophet's chamber on the third floor that he called his own, smoking the pipe of friendship, and occasionally indulging in the stronger and less transient delights of malt liquor.

The major was a host in himself. A fund of anecdotes was always at his disposal, and a certain degree of wit, perhaps not entirely free from vulgarity, favored his reminiscences.

Twice a widower, his only child was a little sharp-featured woman who paid him annual visits, and described herself vaguely as being in "millinery."

Our acquaintance had lasted several months, with every sign of becoming permanent when an incident occurred that threatened to end it.

Not finding the major in his room one evening I commenced to make inquiries and found to my astonishment that he had taken to playing poker. My surprise was unbounded. Here was a man who had passed his sixtieth milestone of life unscathed, suddenly falling into the embraces of the gambling goddess.

I found the major on the top floor of the house. He flushed and looked a little ashamed as he met my eye. There was a half apologetic tone in his voice as he said, "Sit down, boy, and take a hand." I begged to be excused, but stayed for a little while to see the major's luck.

The party was made up of five persons, mostly boarders in the house, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eye, that the major was getting the worst of it.

Despair sat solemnly on his features as the game progressed, and gradually but surely his small stack of blue and red chips dwindled away and his opponents' stacks grew larger. It must have been five in the morning. An unhealthy ray of returning daylight stole into the room, giving the gas a sickly hue, discovering worn patches in the shabby carpet and discolored smears in the cheap paper on the walls. It was a back room. The only window looked upon a dismal yard where an early-rising, villainous-looking cat stole softly over the fallen snow. A light breeze shook the window frames and blew feathery flakes of snow against the panes. The major's face looked haggard; the pouches under his eyes heavier and more pronounced; the dull red of his complexion had faded into a dull drab and his listless eyes followed the cards as they were rapidly dealt with an eagerness that was almost painful. An hour later the party broke up. It was then 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. Snow had ceased to fall and the ray of sunshine, multiplied several times, stole into the room. A couple of sparrows perched on the window sill and announced the arrival of day by a number of excited chirps. The major was the last to go. He had lost all he had. His unsteady footsteps echoed along the passage to his room. I heard him shut the door and lock it, then I went to bed.

When the passion of play seizes a man there is only one slavery that can be compared to it—the slavery of drink. The major was fairly in its toils.

I said good-by to all the pleasant little evenings spent in his stronghold. I sat alone on the steps in front of the house during the warm summer months that succeeded winter and spring. The fall came and business compelled me to leave the city, the major came to see me off. As the train pulled out of the depot I saw him standing on the platform waving his adieu. He had aged greatly. The bright morning sun revealed and heightened the shabbiness of his clothes, the wrinkles in his cheeks, the thousand and one characteristics that mark the rapid advance of old age. Twice again I saw the major. Under what circumstances? You shall see.

Two years later I returned to Chicago. Winter again had the city in its icy grip. I was living then three miles from town, and was glad on returning home to exchange my wet overshoes for a warm pair of slippers

and an easy chair in front of a blazing fire.

I must have dozed off and slept a great deal later than I expected, for I woke with a start to find the fire all out, and the lamp very low. I was not alone in the room. Seated in a chair by the expiring embers of the fire was one of the most pitiable objects that I had ever seen.

In the thin-pinned cheeks, the shrunken form and the shabby garments I had difficulty in recognizing my quondam acquaintance, the once jovial major.

The melting snow ran in little rivulets from his clothes and formed pools of water upon the floor, and icicles glistened in his bristly gray mustache. One shaking hand held a battered brown derby, the other was thrust into the semblance of a pocket in his seedy great coat.

He explained in a rambling way how he happened to be there. By some instinct he had found out where I lived, and finding the door only partially closed had found his way in and sat patiently there waiting for me to wake up. His story was of the old threadbare type. The story old as Adam of a man's weakness, of a general descent into the pit of degradation from which one gambler in a thousand is dinged. The evening games of poker had been exchanged for the more open and deadly fascinations of the professional gambling-house.

His face had become as familiar to patrons of Hankins' (then in its zenith) as that of the city hall. Becoming at last too penniless and shabby to be granted admission even there, he had drifted from one to another of the smaller and less reputable gambling houses that flourish in Chicago. When fortune smiled he dined, when she frowned he starved. Possessed always of one idea. Following the same insane will-o-the-wisp that has lured thousands to destruction, the hope of making a lucky coup that should enrich him at a stroke, he lived out his miserable existence.

His wretched story was followed by an appeal for money, just enough to give him another start, as a loan to be repaid when he brought off his coup. He left the house an hour later with money in his pocket; once only I saw him again.

It was Christmas Eve; late as the hour was, the streets were still filled with people. It had been an exceptionally mild winter, and a drizzling rain fell. The sidewalks, sticky with half-melted snow, made walking anything but pleasant. Quite as much as a matter of precaution as anything else, for I was in one of the lowest and most dangerous parts of the city. I took to the middle of the road. I had arrived at a quiet and little-frequented street; not a soul was in sight. The noise of my footsteps on the sloppy stones was the only sound that broke the silence. A sudden, turn brought me close to the river.

A small crowd had gathered there, and I joined them. In the center of the group lay a dark indistinguishable mass dripping with water; a policeman knelt beside it. As the crowd slightly separated I pushed my way to the front, and saw that the object was a body just taken from the river.

At that moment the policeman raised his lantern and the light fell full upon the face of the corpse. Swollen and bloated beyond description, were the features; sodden with water and reeking with the river slime, "dead for several days," said the policeman as he allowed the head to fall back and rose from the ground. The friendly darkness hid the body from view. The glance I had had was sufficient, I had taken my last look at the major.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**THEY NEVER DIE.**

Insurance Agent—Our rate on that amount would be \$50 a year. Customer—That is rather more than I want to pay.

"Let me see; what did you say your business was?"

"I am an office-holder."

"Oh, well that makes a difference; I'll take off \$10. Office-holders are among our best risks."

"I suppose you know that I draw a pension from the government for being in the war?"

"No, certainly not; that will bring your payments down \$15 more. Pensioners come under the A1 XXXX gilt-edge head."

—Boston Herald.

**HURT HIM.**

He—Some things are awfully provoking. The other evening as I was writing a note before going out to a reception I got an ink spot on my shirt bosom. My roommate was fearfully cut up about it. She—Why should he feel any worse than you? He—It was his shirt.—Judge.

**Waiting for the Winner.**

"Have you named the baby yet?"

"No. His two uncles are bucking each other in the stock market just now."

—Indianapolis Journal.

## WORLD'S EXPOSITION

SCENES OF ACTIVITY IN THE GREAT WHITE CITY.

A Street in Cairo Faithfully Reproduced on Midway Plaisance—Mosques and Minaret—Faqers and Dancing Girls Galore—Turkish Gorgeousness.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

Y FAR THE MOST interesting group of foreigners at the World's Fair Grounds is that which took up its abode on midway plaisance the other day. It came all the way from the territory of the Nile. The principal members of the group are from Cairo. They came to occupy the Egyptian city which for a year had been in course of construction at the fair grounds. A street in Cairo is faithfully reproduced in every particular, including the theater and hotel. The Egyptians are 118 in number, thirty-two of them being women, who have thirteen children to look after. The mazzen priest, who will climb up into the minaret and cry out the first Mohammedan prayer ever heard in America, is a patriarchal looking man, with loose flowing robes and long whiskers. His name is Ali Ali Arab. Accompanying the party is still another notable character—Khadel Nada the famous conjuror of Egypt, who swallows swords as long as a rake handle and makes flowers and plants spring from bare floors. During the voyage to America a tall Egyptian swordsman of the name of Sayed Mehren Effendi fell violently in love with Miss Bluel El Nour, and if their plans are carried out they will be married by the old priest in a few days.

The men wear flowing coats of blue or red or yellow silk, thrown back at the chest to display vestings of the hues of the rainbow. Some of the men are musicians, composing an Egyptian band. They have instruments like drums, flutes, clarinets, tom-toms and mandolins. Others are dancers. They are easily distinguishable because of their garments, which are looser and brighter of hue than the robes of their companions. A few are magicians clothed in bright

red or in black. The women far outshine the men in beauty. In every, in all, they are very beautiful. Their features are regular and refined. Their eyes are big and brown, and quite expressive, too. Their complexion is a rich, deep bronze. Their hair is black and glossy. Had the leading dancer of the village been here last fall Miss Rehan might not have posed for the silver statue of Montana's goddess. The colored robes of the women do not destroy the lines of their figures.

The Egyptians have with them forty-seven snakes, which will be charmed by three women. The serpents vary in size from 6 inches to 7 feet. They are varicolored and of many species. One of the finest specimens is a big-headed cobra. The head of the sixteen donkeymen and donkeys is Achmat, who is well known to many Americans as a guide in Cairo. Achmat's favorite donkey is Yankee Doodle, so named by the American consul at Cairo. The best of the friend is Poco, a dancing monkey owned by another member of the party named Abdone Magid Homosini. There are seven camels, six of them trained to perform tricks as well as carry burdens.

The animals are kept in a native barn at night and exhibited in the street during the day. The natives bring with them an immense amount of freight. This includes building material, tapestries, bric-a-brac and merchandise. The street in Midway is far more picturesque and on a bigger scale than the one which interested so many thousands at the Paris Exposition. There are native slaves, a big mosque, an imposing reprodu-



TURKISH BAZAAR.

zing vision, elected to advertise the Pantomimes Lumineuses, detach herself from the background of irritant blue! Though it is his lot to demand attention for a lamp or a patent medicine, though he is wont to put the last sensation of the music hall, he is never slavishly bound by his motive; and if he produce an elegant design, he is content that the accompanying legend should convey the information. His masterpiece—or one of his masterpieces—is the poster of the Hippodrome de la Porte Maillot. The intensely modern girl seated upon a special horse is a triumph of fancy, and the pale green dress bespangled with red is as pretty as need be. A boarding covered with his posters is worth many years of the official Salon.

**Always in Mischief.**

As every season has its boyish games so it has its boyish dangers. Says Mr. Grogan, as reported by the Indianapolis Journal:

"I see by the papers that the small boys that was gittin' themselves drowned last summer is now a-fallin' out o' hickory trees an' breakin' their necks."

**Take Your Choice.**

Jones—You can get the position in you can find somebody that can go of your bond.

Smith—Which do you prefer, Willie Vanderbilt or one of the Astors?

"Are you acquainted with them?"

"Not at all; but they can go on my bond, can't they, if they want to?"

—Texas Sittings.



FOR THE TOP OF A TUNIS MINARET.

tion of the grandest minaret in Egypt, private houses and restaurants, and a theater where the dancers will be seen in their sensuous movements. Two tall Arabs are now at work in a hot room of one of the buildings chiseling intricate designs in plaster of paris for the windows of the more pretentious houses. They wear their blue coats that fall to the floor when they arise from the easels to scold a young Cairoese for his mismanagement of the stove. Much of the material used in the construction of the village was taken from buildings in Egypt, the lattice work of the windows being

particularly varied in style and exquisite workmanship.

It would seem that strange people and strange things are heading toward Chicago from every seaport and railroad center in the universe. There is great activity in the Turkish village, where 450 simon-pure Turks, sixty horses and forty camels and dromedaries have arrived. The party left Turkey March 27. The flag flying from the peak halyards of the boat will be a strange one to many old sea dogs in our harbors, for a Turkish vessel floating the Turkish emblem has never been seen in American waters. The Turks bring with them a score or more dancing girls, a troupe of actors and actresses, a native band and orchestra and several Mohammedan priests. Their arrival in Midway Plaisance was celebrated by religious services in the mosque, at which no Christians will be admitted, only shrimps in good standing. Workmen and decorators are now putting the finishing touches on the buildings in the village. A silver bedstead weighing 5,400 pounds will be set up in the princess' chamber in Exhibit Hall, and the rugs, tapestries and draperies, many of them worked in gold, which are to form a display of dazzling ori-



STREET IN CAIRO.

ental splendor in this building, represent a value of \$1,500,000. Shopkeepers from Constantinople, Jerusalem and Damascus are at work on their booths in the grand bazaar hall, and it is expected the village will be complete in all of its magnificent detail before the Exposition is formally opened.

## POSTERS OF PARIS.

They Are Generally Artistic and Always Attract Notice.

(Paris Correspondence.)

Cheret is an artist in his way, which is the bill poster's way. He introduced to the Parisians the artistic poster full of color and of exquisite drawing, and it became a success at once. This triumph is due to his excellent taste. Realizing the destination of his works, he has always forced the note of his color, that it might tell against the distraction of a bustling crowd. Within the narrow limits of a room his reds and yellows, his blues and pinks, might appear strident; but he has mastered the craft of open-air decoration, and his "loudest" design appears merely gay when it is properly placed. As he is conscious of his effects, so also he understands the limits of lithography, and his drawings are always perfectly adapted for reproduction. He has portrayed the Impish Perrot, the merry harlequin, the gayly-shod columbine with extraordinary spirit and harmony. His yellow ladies, with their fans, their cymbals, or their nosegays, are a perpetual fascination. How strikingly, for instance, does the daz-



A FIGURE ON A CHERET POSTER.

zing vision, elected to advertise the Pantomimes Lumineuses, detach herself from the background of irritant blue! Though it is his lot to demand attention for a lamp or a patent medicine, though he is wont to put the last sensation of the music hall, he is never slavishly bound by his motive; and if he produce an elegant design, he is content that the accompanying legend should convey the information. His masterpiece—or one of his masterpieces—is the poster of the Hippodrome de la Porte Maillot. The intensely modern girl seated upon a special horse is a triumph of fancy, and the pale green dress bespangled with red is as pretty as need be. A boarding covered with his posters is worth many years of the official Salon.

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—Texas Sittings.

Very fine light cloth, as well as velvet and brocade, is used for theater capes this spring. Some of the fawn-colored cloth models are lined with pale green silk, shot with apricot. Pretty velvet capes in Breton shape are lined with red, yellow or mauve moire or brocade.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR.

President H. N. Higginbotham has issued the following statement concerning the fair:

To the Public: Because of many misrepresentations and misstatements relative to exposition management and affairs being in circulation through the press and otherwise, both in this country and abroad, and in reply to many letters of inquiry or complaint touching the same matters, it seems advisable that some official statement regarding them should be made to the public. Therefore I respectfully ask that the widest publicity be given to the following facts:

1. The exposition will be opened in readiness for visitors May 1.
2. An abundance of drinking water, the best supplied to any great city in the world, will be provided free to all. The report that a charge would be made for drinking water probably arose from the fact that hydra water can also be had by those who desire it at one cent a glass.
3. Ample provisions for seating will be made without charge.
4. About 1,500 toilet rooms and closets will be located at convenient points in the buildings and about the grounds, and they will be absolutely free to the public. This is as large a number in proportion to the estimated attendance as has been provided in any exposition. In addition to these there will also be nearly an equal number of lavatories and toilet rooms of a costly and handsome character as exhibits, for the use of which a charge of five cents will be made.
5. The admission fee of fifty cents will entitle the visitor to see and enter all the exposition buildings, inspect the exhibits, and, in short, to see everything within the exposition grounds, except the Esplanade village and the reproduction of the Colorado City dwellings. For these as well as for the special attractions on Midway Plaisance a small fee will be charged.
6. Imposition or extortion of any description will not be tolerated.
7. Free medical and emergency hospital services is provided on the grounds by the exposition management.
8. The bureau of public comfort will provide commodious free waiting rooms, including spacious ladies' parlor and toilet rooms in various parts of the grounds.

H. N. HIGGINBOTHAM, President.

## Notes.

The statue Germania, which is to adorn the imperial portal of a new German parliament building in Berlin, will be shown at the world's fair. Through the efforts of Herr Werthemuth and the consent of Emperor William this masterpiece of German sculpture will be exhibited at Chicago. It will be placed in the manufacturers building, as the crowning piece of the German section there. When Germania is in place there will be seen represented a typical German mounted on a war horse, with an imperial flag in the right hand and an old German shield with the war eagle in the left. A youthful warrior, with sword and laurels, shows himself to be the recipient of the gifts of the goddess of victory heralding the glory of victorious battles. These are stationed on either side of the figure.

Bretos Effendi Helweh, the famous oriental decorator, has arrived in Chicago from Paris with forty large boxes, containing the parts of a wonderful work which is to be displayed at the world's fair. It is to represent the luxurious splendor of a room of an eastern sultan. It is made of 2,000,000 pieces of mosaic and took ten years of Effendi Helweh's life to make it. It is in the form of a kiosk, and the interior is made up of rich eastern designs and legends, inlaid with mother of pearl and rich woods. When reconstructed the kiosk will be placed in the Tunisian part of the French section. Effendi Helweh brings letters from Carnot, Eiffel, the late Jules Ferry and other distinguished Frenchmen. He is about forty-eight years old, and is considered the greatest living oriental designer and decorator.

Forty-five precious historical documents relating to the voyages and discovery of America are to be exhibited at the world's fair. The duke of Veragua, the living descendant of Columbus, has agreed to lend them. The forty-five papers form almost a history of Columbus' career as a discoverer. In the list is the original commission given to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella upon his departure for the first voyage. It is dated Granada, April 30, 1492. In it he is appointed grand admiral of the ocean seas, vice-king and governor general of all the lands he should discover. Every document in the collection is either written by Columbus or signed by Ferdinand or Isabella.

Tjeldie, the Norwegian sculptor of Minneapolis, will represent Hiawatha bearing Minnehaha in his arms across wild rushing rivers. This is to be in the form of a statue for the Minnesota building at the world's fair. The women of the state pay for it. The conception is said to be exceptionally fine, and, after being produced in plaster for presentation during the exposition, it will be cast in bronze and placed at Minnehaha falls in the state park. The ladies have gathered the sum required for this sculpture by means of penny contributions in the schools. Mrs. H. T. Brown of Minneapolis, one of the lady managers for the state, has been particularly active in the enterprise.

Italy, which for a long time declined to participate in the world's fair has made an appropriation of \$27,500 lire, or about \$55,500, for its representation. The Italian chamber of commerce and other financial interests have also supplied funds with liberality.

Visitors to the world's fair will have the opportunity of going to the roof of the manufacturers building—the largest in the world—and enjoying there a half-mile promenade. Four elevators, with a capacity of 600 an hour, will take the people to a great platform, 200 feet above the floor, from which a magnificent bird's-eye view will be afforded of the interior of the mammoth building with its acres of exhibits beneath. From the platform the visitors will pass to the promenade on the roof, where an unsurpassed bird's-eye view of the entire grounds and buildings will be unfolded.